DIONYSUS,

And tell of Time, what gifts for thee he bears,
What griefs and wonders in the winding years.
For thou must change and be a Serpent Thing
Strange, and beside thee she whom thou didst bring
Of old to be thy bride from Heaven afar,
Harmonia, daughter of the Lord of War.
Yea, and a chariot of kine—so spake
The word of Zeus—thee and thy Queen shall take
Through many lands, Lord of a wild array
Of orient spears. And many towns shall they
Destroy beneath thee, that vast horde, until
They touch Apollo's dwelling, and fulfil
Their doom, back driven on stormy ways and steep.
Thee only and thy spouse shall Ares keep,
And save alive to the Islands of the Blest
Thus speaketh Dionysus, Son confessed
Of no man but of Zeus !—Ah, had ye seen
Truth in the hour ye would not, all had been
Weil with ye, and the Child of God your friend I

AGAVE.

Dionysus, we beseech thee I We have sinned !

DIONYSUS.

Too late ! When there was time, ye knew me not!

AGAVE.

We have confessed. Yet is thine hand too hot,

DIONYSUS,

Yc mocked me, being God ; this is your wage*